



MARVEL
COMICS



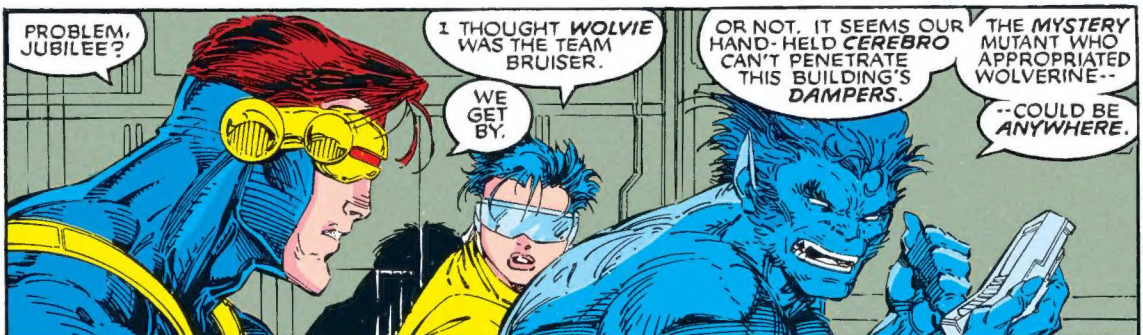
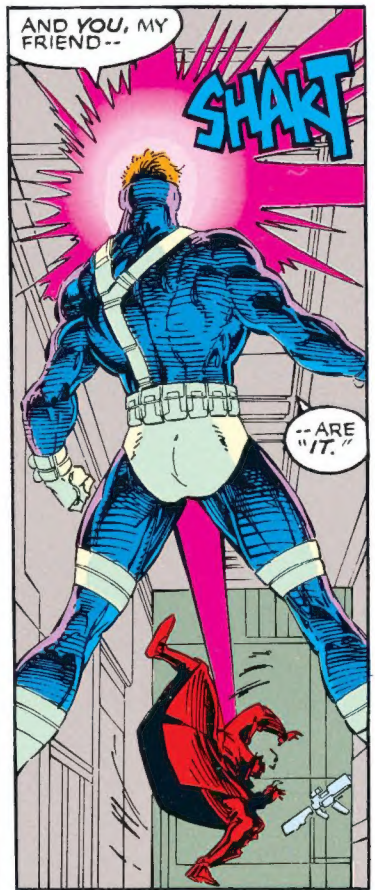
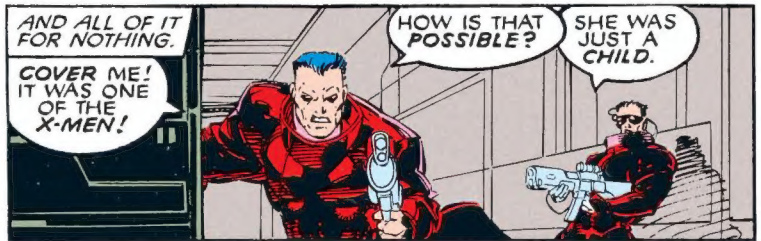
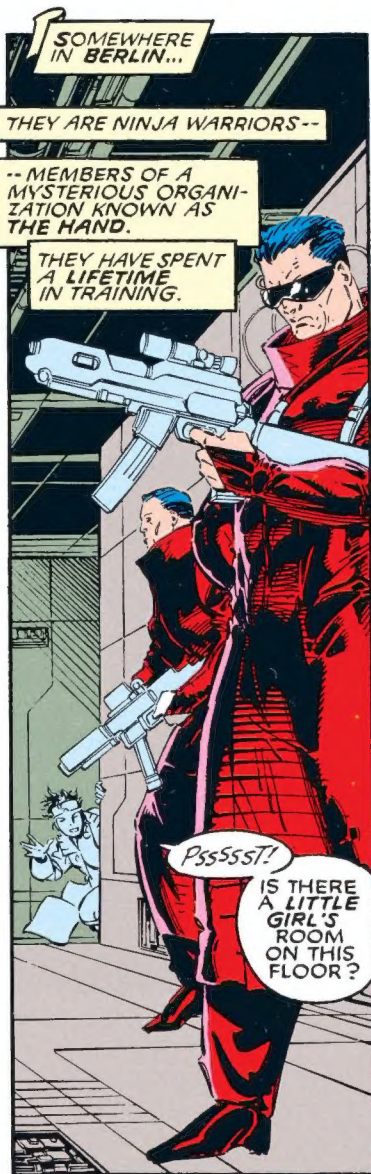
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\$1.25 US
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MAR
UK 70p

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

...ALONG CAME
SABRETOOTH!





JIM LEE PLOT/ART ART THIBERT FINISHER SCOTT LOBDELL SCRIPTER JOE ROSAS COLORIST TOM ORZECOWSKI LETTERER BOB HARRAS EDITOR TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

ALLOW ME TO
SOLVE THIS
PARTICULAR
MYSTERY,
BEAST.

MY NAME IS

**OMEGA
RED!**

SEVERAL DECADES AGO,
HE WAS TO BE THE
WORLD'S FIRST SUPER
SOLDIER-- IN SERVICE
TO MOTHER RUSSIA!

INSTEAD, HE SPENT
THE LAST THIRTY
YEARS IN A TOMB.

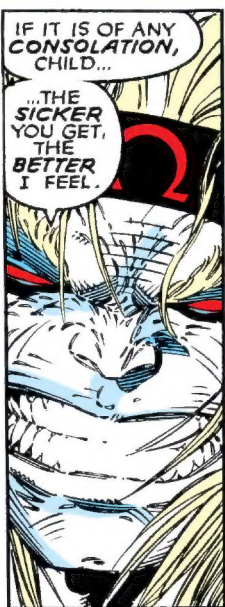
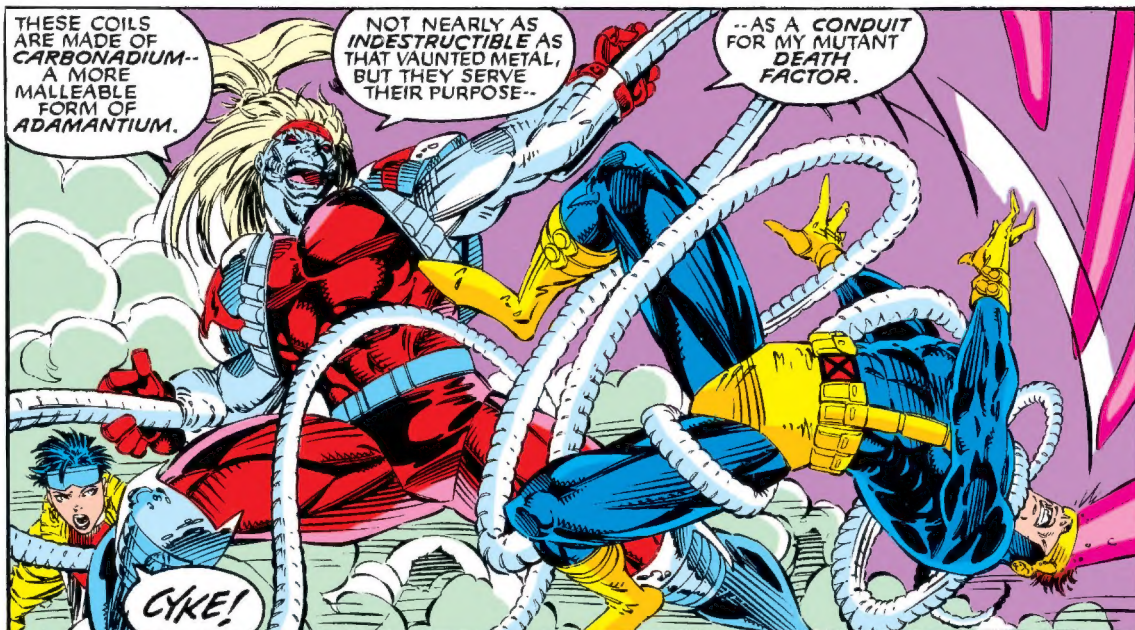
**LOOK
OUT!**

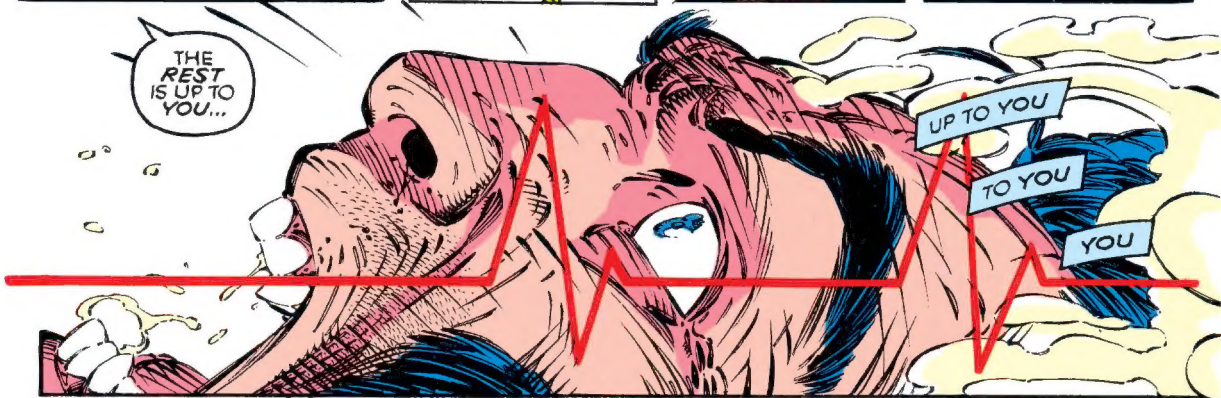
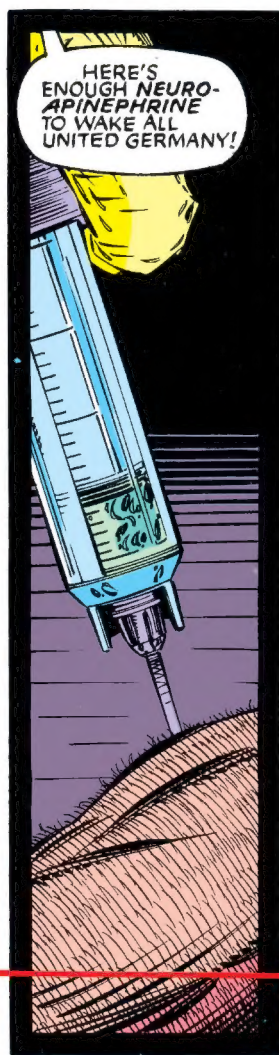
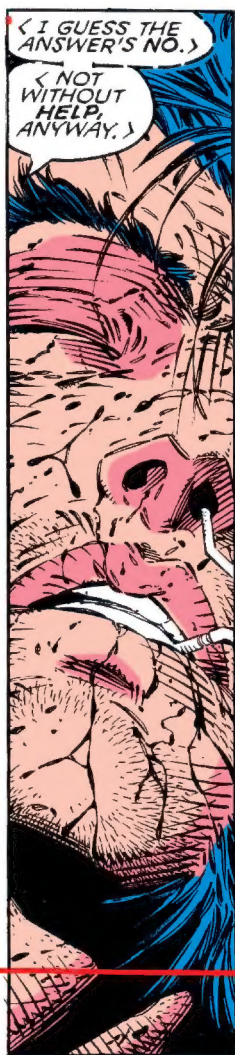
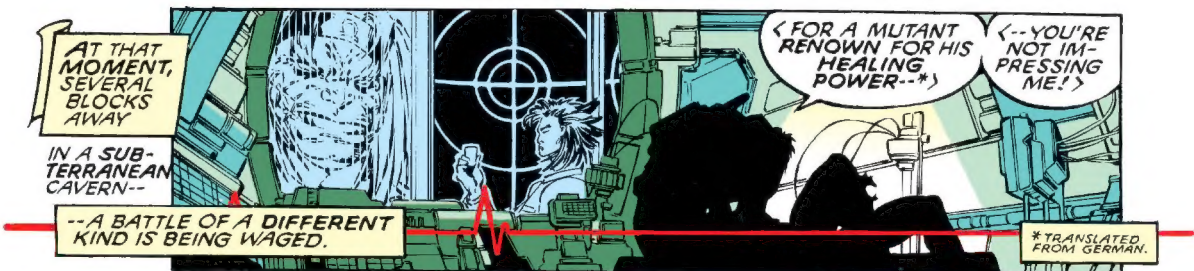
HANK?!

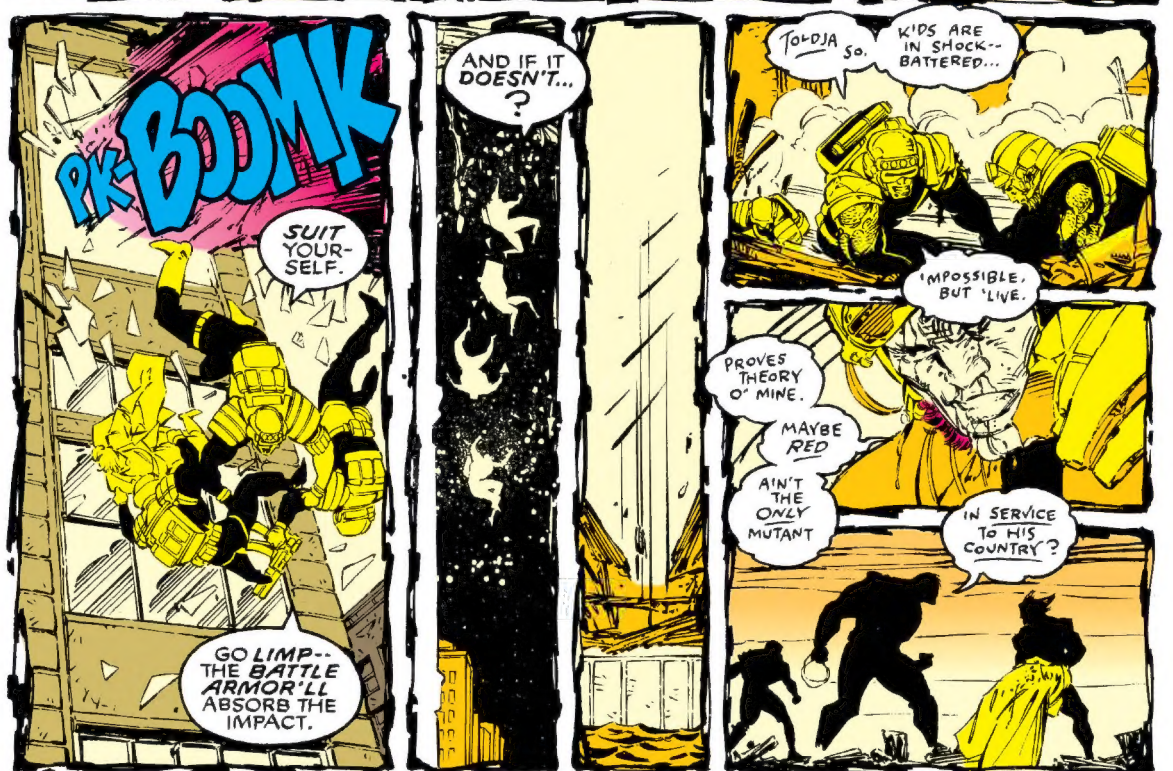
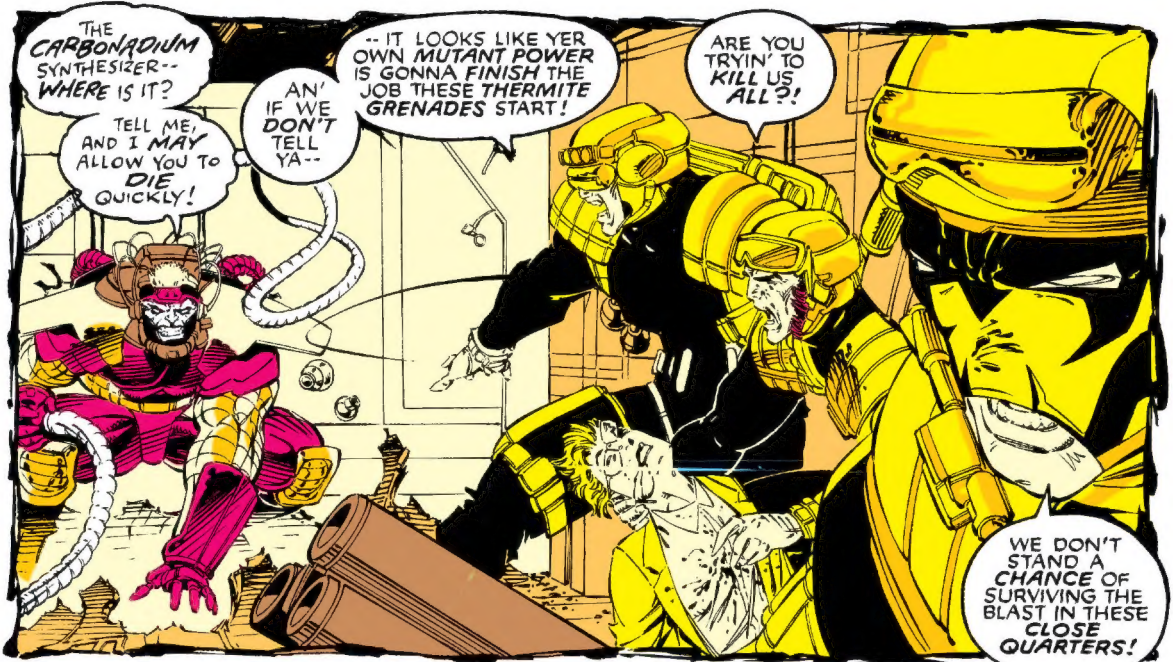
AND WHILE HE CAN
NOT CURRENTLY
AVENGE HIMSELF ON
THE MAN HE HOLDS
RESPONSIBLE--

-- HE WILL CONTENT
HIMSELF WITH
INFLECTING PAIN
UPON HIS
COMRADES!

WAM







SOMEPLACE.

SOMEWHERE ELSE.

OTHER THAN THERE.

LILA-- THIS ISN'T, PER CHANCE, ONE OF THOSE "INCREDIBLY CUTE GUYS" YOU WERE REFERRING TO EARLIER? *

Mojo!

WELCOME
BA-ACK! **

* LAST
ISSUE
-- Bob.

THERE MUST
BE A QUILLION
ALTERNATE
DIMENSIONS YOU
COULD HAVE
TELEPORTED US TO,
MS. CHENEY--

-- AND
YOU HAD
TO CHOOSE
MOJO'S
WORLD?

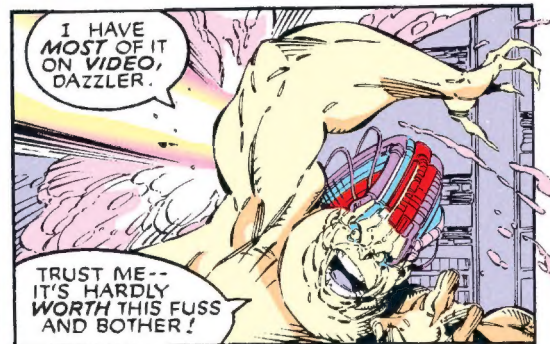
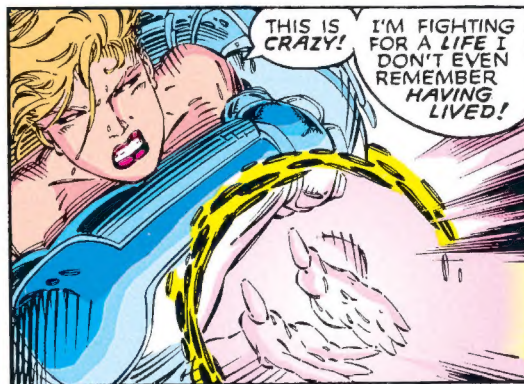
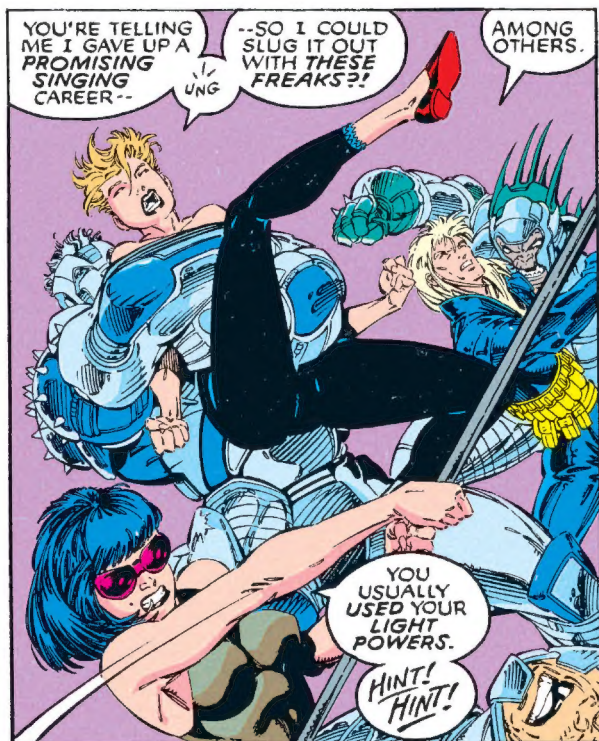
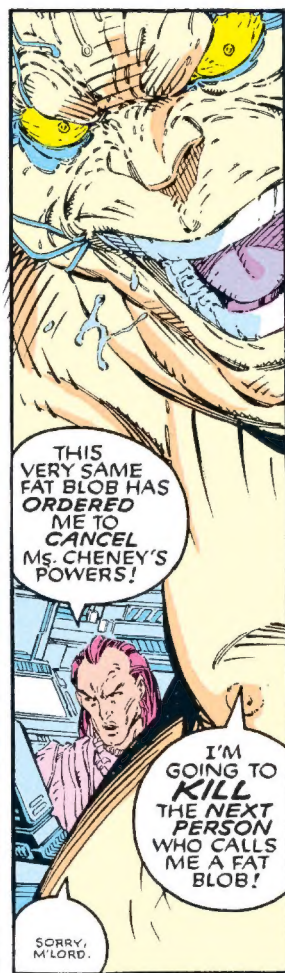
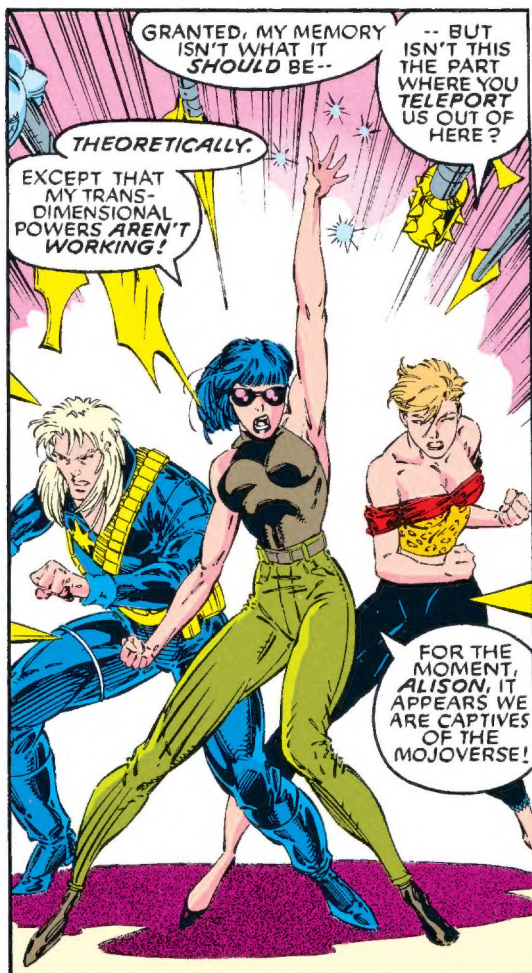
IF IT
MEANS
ANYTHING--

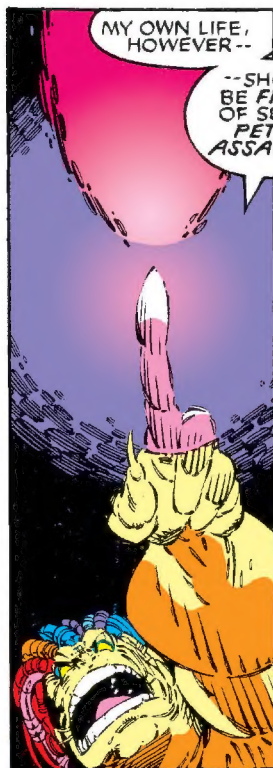
--MY
ORIGINAL
DESTINATION
WAS THE
CRAB
NEBULA.

** THIS STORY TAKES PLACE AFTER EVENTS IN WOLVERINE #52-54. -- Bob.

FREEDOM! FREEDOM TO THE FIRST
GOPHER WHO BRINGS ME THE
HEAD OF AN X-MAN!

A SICK
DAY IF
YOU
BRING
ME JUST
A SPLEEN!





MY OWN LIFE, HOWEVER--

--SHOULD BE FREE OF SUCH PETTY ASSAULTS!



NO ONE IS ABOVE THE LAW, MOJO--

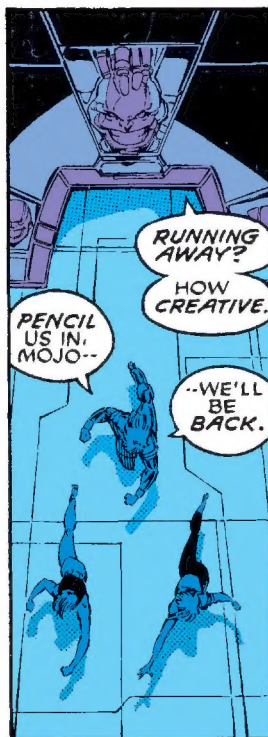
--NO MATTER IF THE LAW IS YOUR OWN!

BRAKKKY

AND AS LONG AS I POSSESS MY MUTANT LUCK POWER--

--AS LONG AS THERE IS LIFE LEFT WITHIN THESE HOLLOW BONES OF MINE...

...LONGSHOT WILL INSIST YOU BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR CRIMES AGAINST MY PEOPLE!



RUNNING AWAY?

HOW CREATIVE.

PENCIL US IN, MOJO--

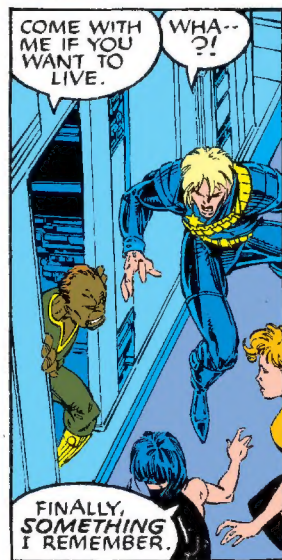
--WE'LL BE BACK.



MAYBE SOONER THAN I'D LIKE.

STOP THEM!

THEY CAN'T ESCAPE!



COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.

WHA--?!

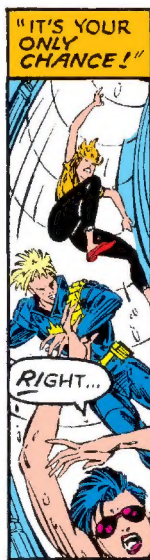
FINALLY, SOMETHING I REMEMBER.



IT'S FROM AN EARTH FILM.

WE GET ALL THE LATEST RELEASES.

QUICKLY, THIS WAY!

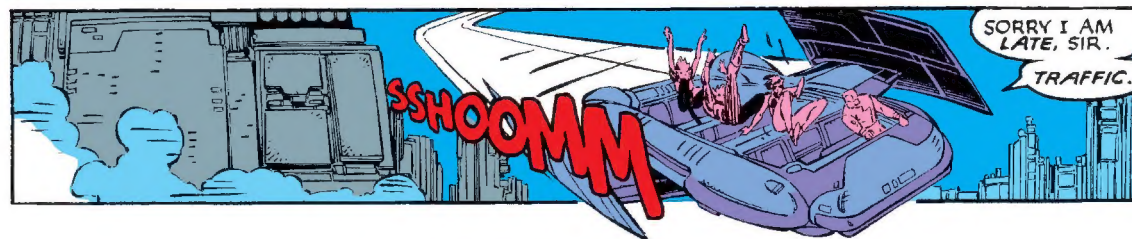


"IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE!"

RIGHT...



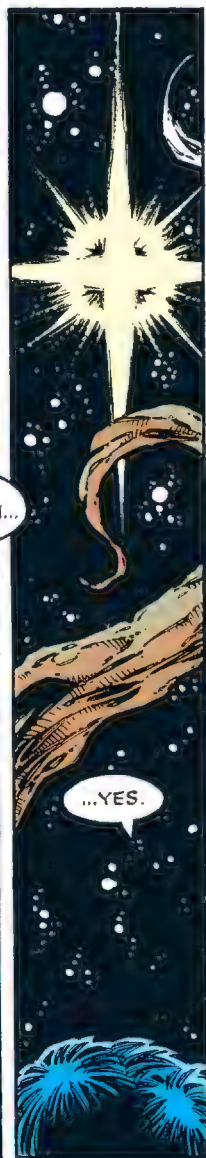
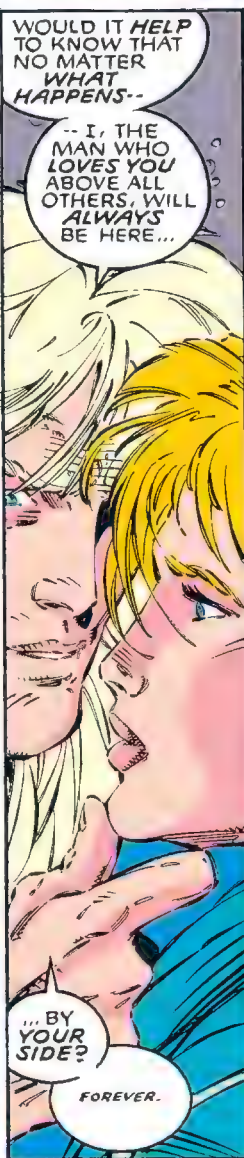
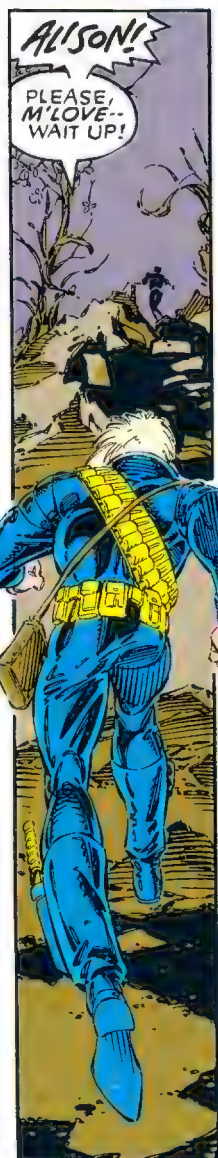
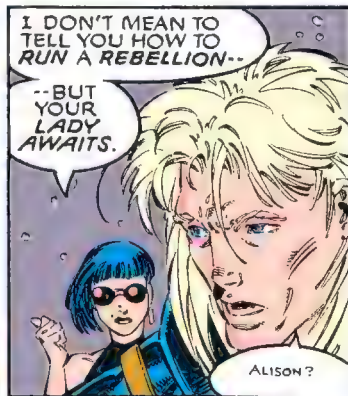
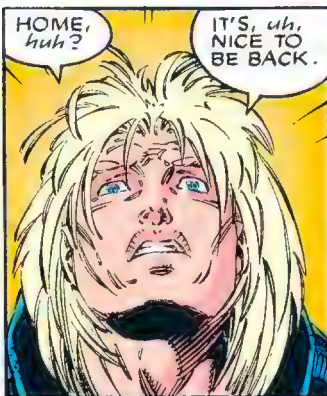
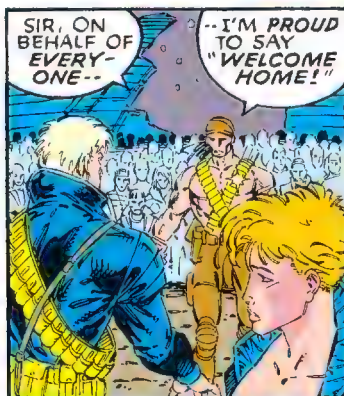
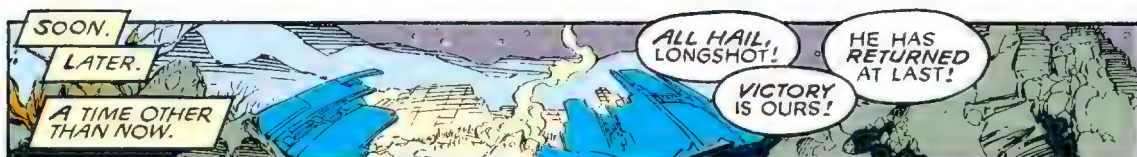
...I FEEL SAFER ALREADY.

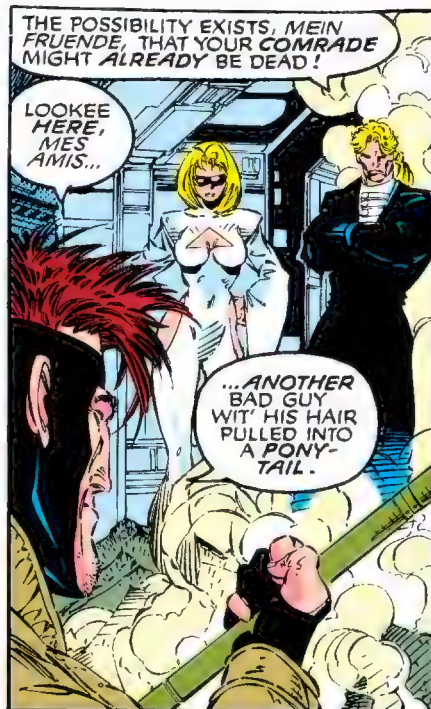


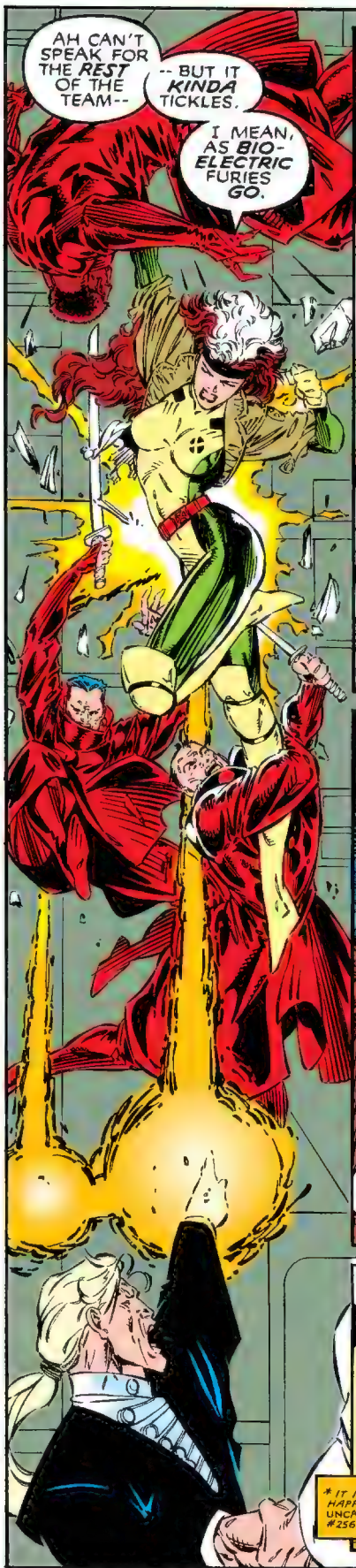
SSHOOMM

SORRY I AM LATE, SIR.

TRAFFIC.







AH CAN'T SPEAK FOR THE REST OF THE TEAM--

-- BUT IT KINDA TICKLES.

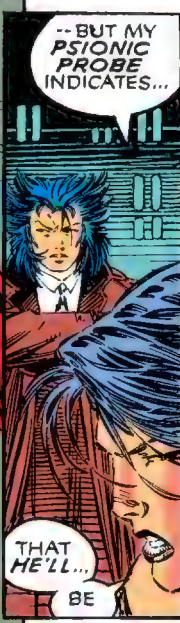
I MEAN, AS BIO-ELECTRIC FURIES GO.



HOW'S LOVERBAYOU?

HE TOOK THE BRUNT OF THE BLAST--

--AND THERE'S STILL A LOT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT GAMBIT--



--BUT MY PSIONIC PROBE INDICATES...

THAT HE'LL...

BE



FINE.



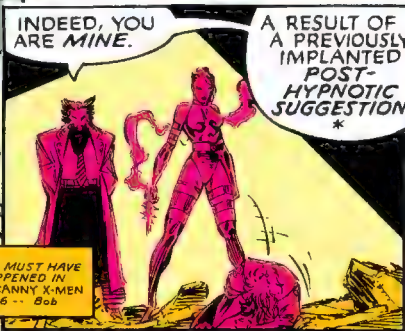
YOU DON'T SOUND VERY CONFIDENT, GIRL.

I AM SORRY.

FOR WHA --?!

FOR THIS.

MY ACTIONS ARE NOT MY OWN.



INDEED, YOU ARE MINE.

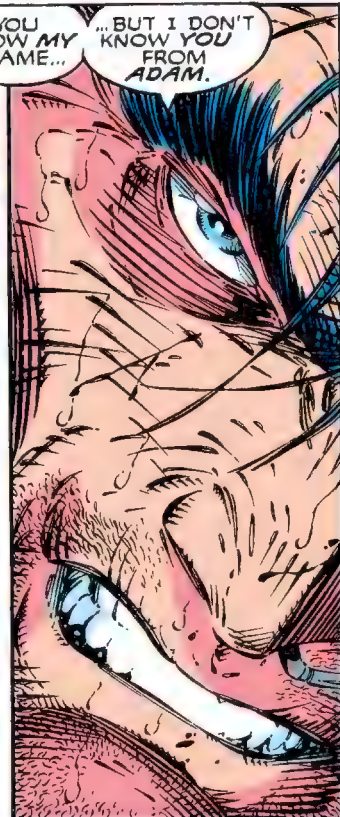
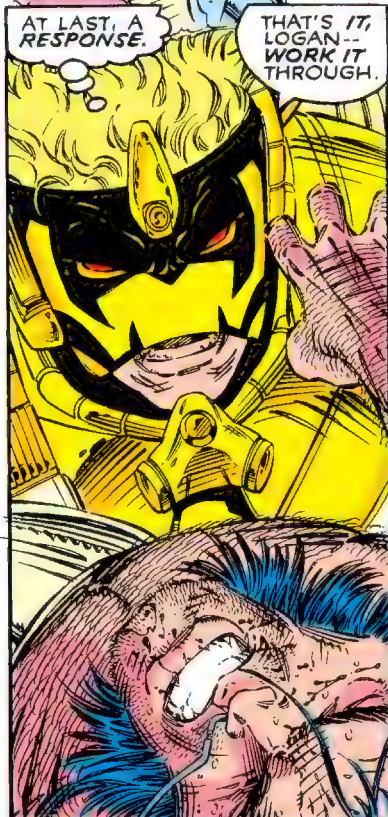
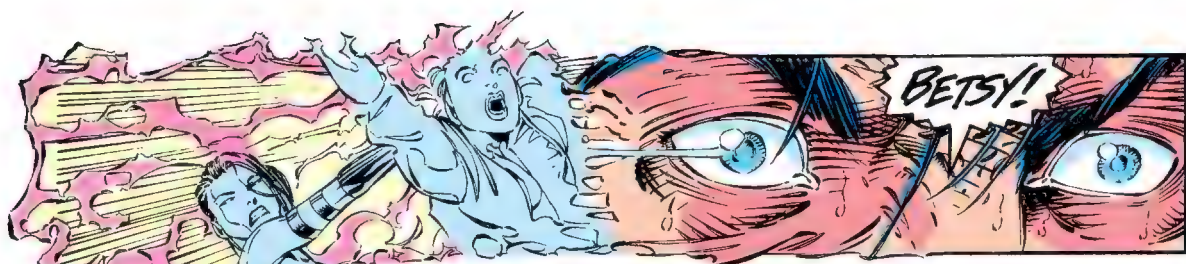
A RESULT OF A PREVIOUSLY IMPLANTED POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION. *

* IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED IN UNCANNY X-MEN #256 -- Bob




NOW, COME ALONG, MS. BRADDOCK.

AND BRING THE BAIT.



"IT WAS YEARS BEFORE WE LEARNED WHAT CREED ALREADY SUSPECTED..."

"...THAT HE AND LOGAN SHARED AN ACCELERATED HEALING FACTOR."



"...WHILE MY MUTANT POWER TO ABSORB KINETIC IMPACT BARELY SAVED ME FROM THAT TEN STORY DROP."


"IT WASN'T UNTIL THE DEBRIEFING TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER--"

"--THAT WE ALL STARTED POUNDING NAILS INTO THE TEAM'S COFFIN."

"--THE LOSS OF THE C-SYNTHESIZER IS UNACCEPTABLE!"

"YOUR INCOMPETENCE HAS SEVERELY COMPROMISED--"

"OUR INCOMPETENCE ?!"



"IT WAS YER SHODDY 'INTELLIGENCE' THAT GOT US INTA THAT NO-WIN SCENARIO AND COST THE LIFE OF--"

"DON'T YOU DARE, CREED!"

"YOU KILLED JANICE-- IN COLD BLOOD-- BECAUSE YOU PANICKED!"



"SHUT UP, LOGAN!"

"IT AIN'T YER PLACE T' QUESTION ME, BOY. NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF AN ASSIGNMENT."

"--NOT EVER!"

"I SAVED YER SORRY HIDE MORE TIMES'N I CAN REMEMBER!"



"YOU'RE MINE, BOY--"

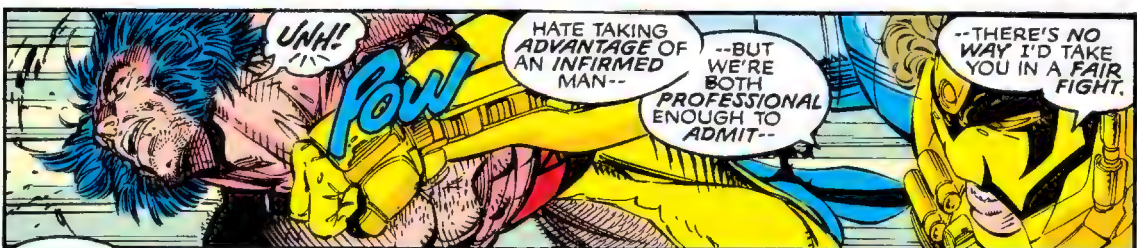
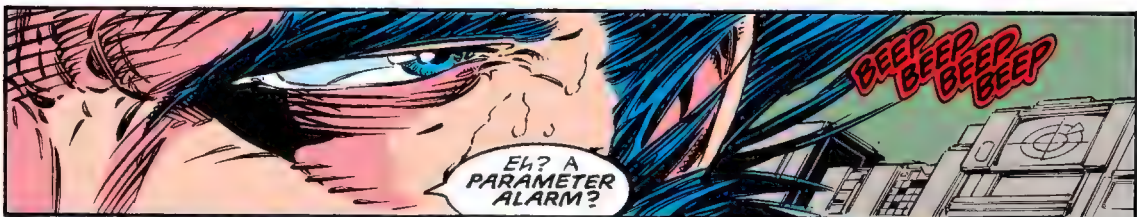
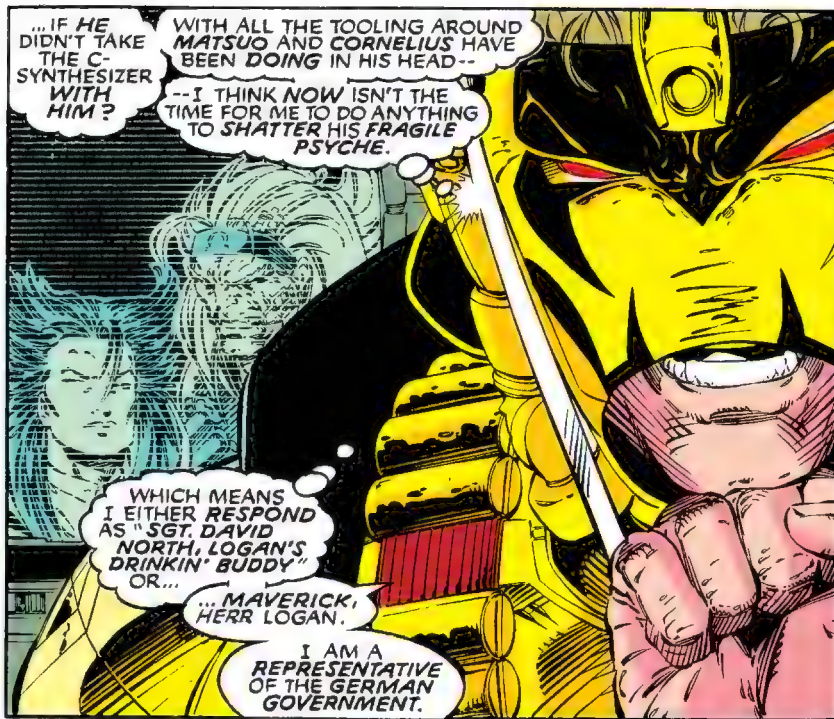
"--AND THE DAY IS GONNA COME WHEN I COLLECT!"

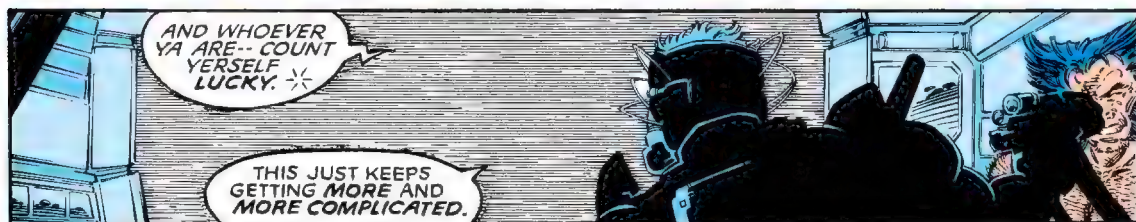
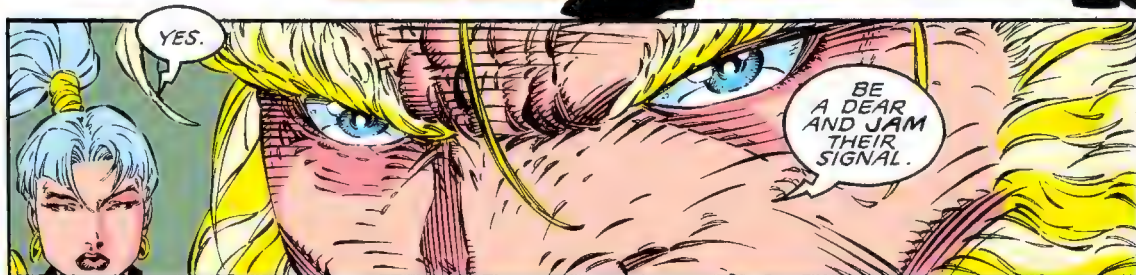


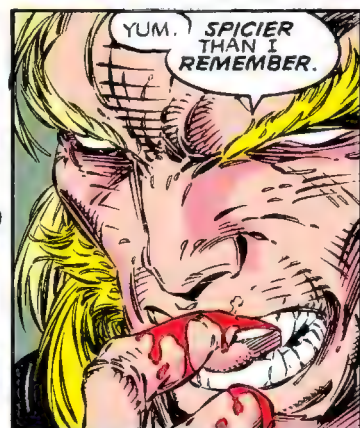
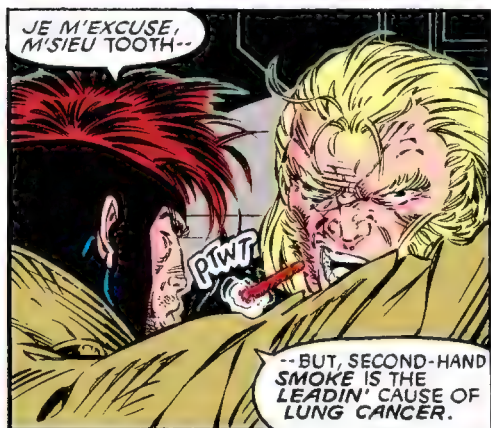
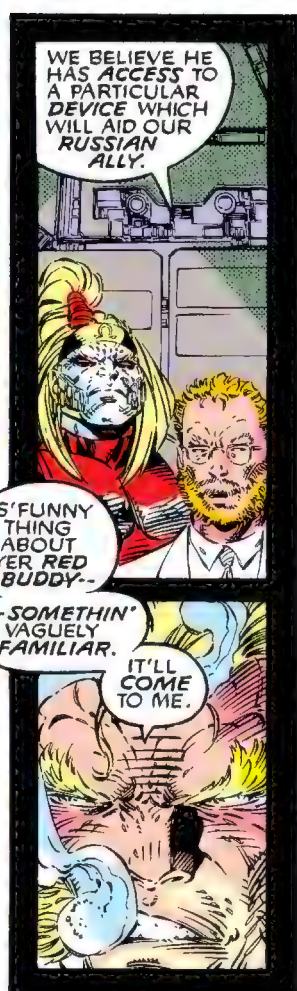
"LOGAN WALKED OUT WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A GLANCE OVER HIS SHOULDER--"



"--AND TO THIS DAY, I WONDER..."









MUST BE
MOMMA GAMBIT'S
CAJUN RECIPE.

CAN'T
WAIT FER
SECONDS.



BUT YOU'LL PARDON ME IF I
START WITH AN APPETIZER?

AHEM!

...I'M
NOT
SCARED
OF YOU.

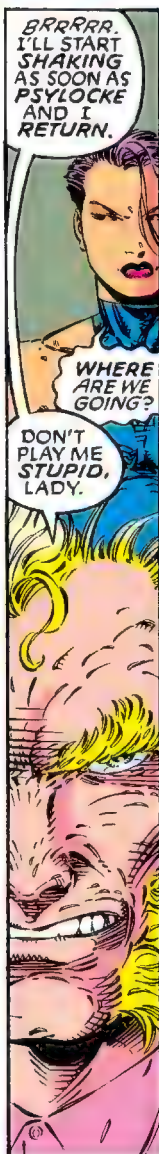
HARDLY.

AT
ALL.



YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS
OF YOUR OWN,
SABRETOOTH!

EVEN AS WE SPEAK,
AN ARMY OF KILLER
ANDROIDS IS ON
YOUR TRAIL!



BRRRR.
I'LL START
SHAKING
AS SOON AS
PSYLOCKE
AND I
RETURN.

WHERE
ARE WE
GOING?

DON'T
PLAY ME
STUPID,
LADY.



I KNOW
ABOUT YER
PSYCHIC
BOND
WITH THE
KID.

AN' ON
MATSUO'S
SAY-SO--

--YER
GONNA
LEAD ME
RIGHT
TO HIM.



YOU
WANNA
GO OVER
THIS
ONE
MORE
TIME?



YOU'RE TAKIN' ME
TO SOMEONE
CALLED THE
MAJOR--

--BECAUSE HE
BELIEVES YOU
KNOW THE
WHEREABOUTS
OF THE C-
SYNTHESIZER!

WHICH IS THE
SAME REASON
OMEGA RED AND HIS
COMRADES ARE SO
DESPERATE TO--



UHM--
THEY
FOUND
US.

YOUR BOND
WITH PSYLOCKE?



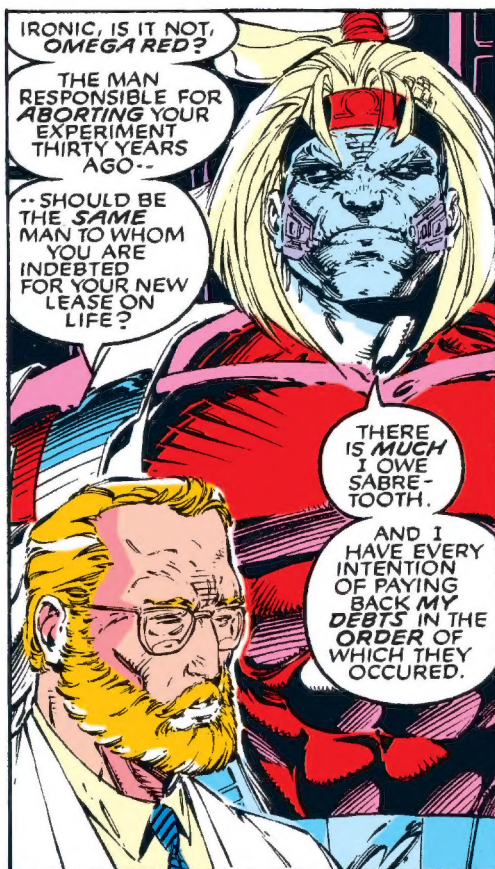
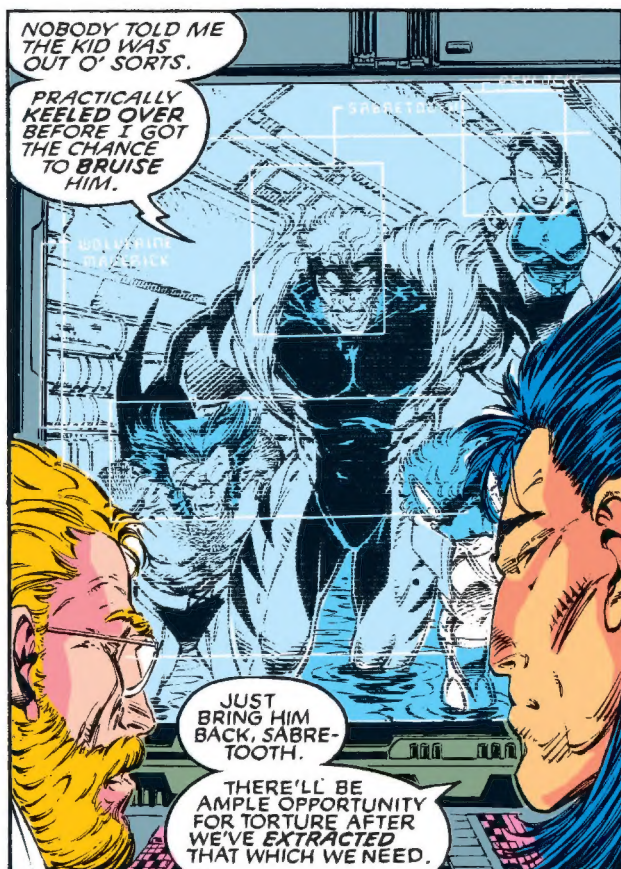
BINGO.
WHICH MEANS
SABRETOOTH
IS ON HIS
WAY.

TELL ME,
MAVERICK...

...YOU READY
TO TAKE HIM
ALL ON YOUR
LONESOME?









MINUTEMEN

Bluntman